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O. N. S. BREEZE

VOL. I

Monmouth, Ore., February 11, 1924

No. 10

Fine Tributes Offered At Wilson Memorial

Monday, after the regular exercises Mr. Landers reviewed briefly the wonderful character, deeds and life of our late ex-president, Woodrow Wilson. We are all very sorry that time did not permit Mr. Landers to give us a fuller view of the life and character of this great man.

On Wednesday the chapel exercises were conducted in memory of ex-President Wilson.

The music was especially fitted to the occasion, one of the hymns, "Abide with Me" was Mr. Wilson's favorite song.

After the singing Mr. Landers read for the wonderful thought portrayed in it, the poem, "If", written by Kipling.

This was followed by prayer.

Miss Bertha Brainard then gave a very good talk on the life of Wilson in which she sketched in brief the life of this great man from his early childhood to the time of his death. She also suggested that anyone wishing to know more about his life should read the article written on the "Life of Wilson" in 1911 and 1912. This may be found in the bound volume of the World's Work, in the library.

Mr. Gentle spoke on the life of Mr. Wilson as a teacher, in which he described the way he looked and acted as a teacher, and also what a wonderful success he made in that line of work.

Mr. Butler stated the many things Mr. Wilson achieved during his presidency, which benefitted our own country and also others.

What Mr. Wilson did at the Peace conference was told by Mr. Bowling who made everyone feel the greatness of our ex-president as a man as well as an executive. He told of his high ideals and keen sense of justice to all.

A brief review of the great personality of Mr. Wilson was given by Miss Taylor in which she told us what a really great man he was.

All the speeches were certainly very good and very valuable to all. There is yet another faculty member to talk to us concerning Ex-president Wilson. The time was up before all of the talks could be delivered, but we are promised the pleasure of hearing this other talk at some other time, probably at the time we hear more of the Bok peace plan.

Friday was Arbor Day in Western Oregon, and, in honor of the event, a very beautiful vocal solo was given by Miss Florence Metcalf entitled "Trees".

Student Body meeting was also held during which time the seating in chapel was arranged. The students also voted on the awards of sweaters for athletics.

CALENDAR

February 15—Literary society. Vespertine program.

Saturday, February 16—Motion picture—Rupert of Hentzau.

Wednesday, February 20—Illustrated lecture on Pacific Northwest by Frank Branch Riley.

Tact and Persistence Overcame Opposition

Recently it was the good fortune of the writer to attend a rural school meeting. The purpose of the meeting was to secure funds to better light the school building. By reason of the sharply drawn division in the district amongst the patrons, this seemed the only way of securing the funds. Each side said such a meeting would not succeed but despite the repeated warnings the teacher held persistently to her course and prepared for the occasion. Quietly soliciting donations of home made candy from each side, adroitly choosing the musical and literary numbers on her program, she soon found all parties taking more interest in the success of the evening. Again, choosing a person to talk in the evening who knew nothing of the local situation and one whose presence commanded some respect because of the fact just stated and the position he represented, the teacher allayed suspicion and increased interest.

The room was decorated befittingly with a few potted plants, some evergreens, some most appropriate pictures by masters, and some well blended colors in crepe paper on the walls and ceiling. As invited guests, we were deeply interested in watching the teacher receive her guests—the effect of this and the atmosphere of the room on them as they came in and the greetings exchanged. The speaker in turn rose to the occasion and made a talk by getting his audience to talk to him, opening questions of paramount interest and stimulating discussion on both sides, being mindful that this did not become too sharp but quite spirited. For some forty minutes this sort of talk was carried on and one could see the discord disappearing and feel the real community spirit gripping these good people again.

Following this the candy sale was begun and as the sweet meats were enjoyed both by eating out of one's own "bag of candy" and in "taking and giving with his neighbor." the "differences" were lost in the hearty visiting and mutual exchange of ideas. The real success of the evening was apparent when the patrons remained till eleven o'clock. To the visitor it was a splendid illustration of the abil-

Pedagogic Instincts Early Manifested

Miss Arbuthnot was born in Mahro, Nebraska. Her parents, who were Scotch, died during her infancy and she was taken to rear by a maiden aunt in Des Moines Iowa.

Miss Arbuthnot entered kindergarten at the age of three. Since then she has been steadily in attendance in school and in teaching.

Her chief delight in childhood was to play school with inanimate objects to impersonate her own school mates.

She graduated from the grammar and high schools of Des Moines and attended both state colleges, the state college of Ames and the Cedar Falls normal.

Miss Arbuthnot continued further study at Dinke university and at Columbia. She then taught for several years in the public schools of Des Moines. Thru the influence of Miss Brenton she came to the Oregon Normal as a critic teacher in the Monmouth training school. When the Independence schools were taken over by the Normal she was placed at the head of the critic teachers in that city. She has been connected with the Normal for the past ten years being now head of the Geography department.

ity of the teacher by the use of good, common sense and a study of her problem to solve it.

Again this reflection comes to us. As teachers—are they altogether too apt to become too set in their ideas, too little disposed to brook any difference of opinion or dare they provoke any discussion least they be beaten in the argument? Does the little difference too often divide the teacher and the student? Like the patrons, would not a bit of thought and the application of a little common sense and perchance the simple exchange of a "bit of candy" remove the trouble?

These and similar reflections passed through our mind, conscious as we were of the conditions too often existing in the lives of all of us. If this is true, what a pity that there can not be cultivated a spirit of frankness, open-mindedness and a willingness to go at least half way.

Must there be amongst teachers, the third party to do the work of "rounding out" our difference? Truly this teacher did by her program that evening, a big benefit to that community and she taught a lesson not found in the text book.

There they sat upon the sofa
Headshe

But hark a step upon the stair
And father finds them sitting there
He and She

O. N. S. BREEZE

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of
OREGON NORMAL SCHOOL

Monmouth, Ore., February 11, 1924

VOL. I

No. 10

A Tribute

The nation mourns for once again
A great career has come to end;
A splendid life of high ideals
Has passed; and we have lost a friend

All nations sympathise with us,
For they also have known this man.
He helped them through the great-
est war

That has been known since time be-
gan.

He strived to make the world safe for
Democracy—to free it from
The clutch of autocratic hands;
And now his life's great work is done.

Gone is the living but his memory
bides,

Comforting us along our way,
For such was he thru all his life,
An inspiration, day by day.

The Object of Education

The aim of education as seen by in-
animate objects:

"To be bright," said the penny.

"To be sharp," said the knife.

"To stick," said the pin.

"To use your eyes" said the pota-
to.

"To learn not to kick," said the
horse.

"To learn not to bite" said the fish.

"To become greater" said the nut-
meg grater.

"To produce food for thought," said
the garden.

"To be keen," said the cutter.

"To hit the nail on the head," said
the hammer.

"To finish the block," said the ax.

"To be able to fit," said the pattern.

"To be square," said the cube.

"To keep my attic clean," said the
broom.

The Skeleton in Room Ten

—This is the tale of one "Red" Ray
who died of a broken heart. A stu-
dent of 1970 is haunted by his skele-
ton which is kept in Room 10 for the
use of First Aiders.

Speak, speak, thou fearful guest,
Who with thy hollow breast

Into this closet is pressed;

Comest to daunt me!

Wrapped not in Eastern balms,

But with the fleshless palms,

Broken fingered, asking alms,

Why doest thou haunt me?

I see from cavernous eyes
Pale flashes gleam and rise,
As when our Northern skies

Gleam in December.

And like the water's flow,

Under December snow

Comes a dull voice of woe

From the heart's chamber.

"I was a student, bold

My studies, though manifold,

No skald in song has told;

No saga taught thee!

Take heed that in the verse

Thou dost the tale rehearse;
Else dread a dead man's curse—
For this I sought thee.

"Here in this western land,
By the wild Pacific's strand,
I didst live by my hand;

Here in your Oregon

And with my eyes so sound,
Skimmed the pages, well bound,
Which another poor whimpering
hound

Trembled to read upon.

"Oft to its hidden lair,
Tracked I psychology's bear,
While from my path dull care
Fled like a shadow.

For oft on fair Cupid's knoll,
I, with fair maids did stroll,
Until my soaring soul
Was as a bird in the meadow.

"But when I bolder grew,
Joining O. N. S's crew,
O'er Education's sea I flew

With these marauders;

Wild was the life we led;

Many the one's that fled:

Many the hours that sped
By our stern orders.

"Many a wrestling bout
Wore the long winter out,
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing.

As I, Red Ray, told my tale;
Measured not in Adam's ale,
We drained the earthen pail,
Filled to overflowing.

"Once was I told in glee,
Tales of my stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning, yet tender.

And as the moon did shine

On the dark Oregon pine,

On that dark heart of mine

Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue eyed maid,
But in Cupid knoll's peaceful shade,
Her vows, half afraid

She to another plighted.

Under my immaculate vest,

Fluttered in by breast,

My heart, as birds in a nest,

By the hawk are frightened.

"Still, grew my bosom then,

As I turned to room ten,

Hateful to me were women,

E'en the sunlight hateful.

In the vast Normal here,

Clad in my student's gear,

My skeleton I gave here,

Death was grateful.

"Thus seamed with many a scar

Students my poor bones shall mar:

In nineteen seventy who shall care

How my life ended!

The first aider my jaw doth roll,

While she, of Cupid's knoll

Will wreck some other poor soul."

Thus the tale ended.

—Shortfellow

Mr. Gentle—Young man, would you
like a job digging potatoes this fall?
Harold Price—Yes, sir, if you mean
digging them out of the gravy.

Miss Arbuthnot—Where do we
have the least rainfall in the U. S.?

Mary Walker—In the Sahara des-
ert.

Ruth Beal, (to John Angell)—How far
is it between your ears?

John Angell— I don't know.

R. B.—Just one Block.

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The Best of Everything

for

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Try Fetzer's Waffles

The are delicious

Our Hot Chocolate

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druffs and Falling Hair

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Don't forget our delicious

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Fresh and Cured Meats

We have a fresh line of Mayonaise
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Also Sweet, Mixed and Dill pickles.
Green and Ripe Olives

Fred J. Hill, Proprietor

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Get them

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BOOKS

at

Morlan's

On the Corner

Literary Societies Adopt Conduct Regulation Rules

The Delphians and Vespertines each had an important meeting Wednesday at which all members were required to attend. The important questions under discussion were attendance and conduct in chapel and at picture shows. A set of rules were adopted and later signed by the members. We feel that this will be a success for when the societies take anything up they mean business.

Each society elected a council to enforce the rules. The Vespertine council is: Marelda Sturgil, Mildred Hoyt, and Pauline Bond.

The Delphian council is: Maurine Brown, Anna Johnson, and Carol Judson.

Senior Cottage Glimpses

Frances Ann Blake visited with friends in Corvallis Saturday and Sunday.

We were all very sorry that it was necessary for the Biersdorf girls to leave us.

Dorothy Aken and Helen Michaelson were guests of Bunnie Bunnell over the week-end.

Marelda Sturgill and Margaret Hansen have moved into the room vacated by the Biersdorf girls.

Winifred Nelson, former student here, was the guest of Frances Thompson, Saturday and Sunday.

Dormitory News

Miss Pearl Pehrsson from O. A. C. spent the week end with Miss Mearle Straley.

Miss Frances Randelin had as a week-end guest, Miss Myrtle Aden from Wilsonville.

Miss Marion Hendricks entertained her mother at Sunday dinner at the Dormitory.

The members of the basket ball team of the Portland Art Club, were dinner guests at the dormitory last Saturday evening.

Miss Betty Enright and Miss Grace Dragoo, are spending the week-end at their homes in Eugene.

Professor Hart of Harvard College was the dinner guest of the dormitory Wednesday evening.

Arnold's Hall Secrets

Mary Walker was called home Thursday night on account of the sudden illness of her sister who is in the Dallas hospital.

Another one of our members is a victim of the measles. Ethel Grant is the measley one now and is at her home in Dallas.

A new Normal student has taken abode in our hall. She enters school the coming six weeks. The said student is Vesta Biers.

Ruth Morgan spent the week-end at home in Carlton.

Olive Stevenson—I dreamed last night that I was in heaven.

John Miller—Did you see me there? Olive S.—I did, then I knew it was a dream.

Football tonight! Every single man out.

Junior House

Agnes Martin left for her home in Portland on Tuesday.

Jennie Horner, Mildred Seufert, Katherine Andrews, Lilah Halloway and Audrey Wood will spend the week-end at their homes.

Lillian Schroeder's grandfather, Mr. C. S. Finch, and her sister, Bernice Schroeder, visited her over the week end.

A Prescription

Jim Stapleton wrote a letter to his married brother bemoaning the fact that for several weeks he had not been feeling just right and was sick. The wise m. b. thought it over then wrote him the following letter:

Dear Jim:

If you don't feel right,
If you can't sleep at night,
If you moan and sigh,
If your throat is dry,
If you smoke or drink,
If your grub tastes like ink,
If your heart doesn't beat,
If you've got cold feet,
If your heads in a whirl,
Why don't you marry the girl?
As ever, your brother,
Tom.

Why the Editor Left Town

Somebody sent the editor of the Puketown Gazette a few bottles of home brew. The same day he received for publication a wedding announcement and a notice of an auction sale. Here are the results: "Wm. Smith and Miss Lucy Anderson were disposed of at public auction at my farm one mile east of a beautiful cluster of roses on her breast and two white calves, before a background of farm implements too numerous to mention in the presence of about seventy guests, including two milch cows, six mules and one bob sled. Rev. Jackson tied the nuptial knot with two hundred feet of hay rope and the bridal couple left on one good John Deere gang plow for an extended trip with terms to suit purchasers.

They will be at home to their friends with one baby buggy and a few kitchen utensils after ten months from date of sale to responsible parties and some fifty chickens." Exchange.

The Student's Prayer

Now I lay me down to sleep,
Will my mind my notes now keep.
Should a quiz come when I wake,
My medicine I will have to take.
My note books Oh! They pile up so!
What shall I do when I must go?
My suit case? no 'twill take a hack,
To carry this amazing pack.
My head will carry some I know,
For I have teachers who make it go.
But some there are who cannot teach,
The note book then must fill the breach.
An hour we scribble in frantic haste,
Another to recopy, for haste makes waste.
Then memorize this impossible mass,
The teacher smiles as she sets the task.
A year from now we will paw around
Our education can nowhere be found
Our gain is what we learned to apply,
The notes were just our souls to try.

An aphorism of Eve: "A good man is rather to be chosen than great riches—but it is better to be an old maid than to wish you were one."

For Sale—My best milk cow by Mr. Gentle with crumpled horns.

Mrs. Charles Atwater, Experienced Dress and Coat Maker will do work at her home, which is located at 460 South Monmouth Ave.

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DALLAS

OREGON

Albany Wins Close Game With Final Score 31 to 25

On Friday evening, February 8th, Albany college won a closely contested basket ball game from O. N. S.

The game was scheduled for 6:45 but was delayed for almost an hour on account of Albany's center not showing up.

Our team was represented by Glaser and Scott, guards, Stapleton, center; Kaup and Beck forwards. The game started with Albany caging the first basket. O. N. S. then tied the score and during the first half the score wavered with Albany college always leading with a narrow margin, and at the time of the whistle closing the first twenty minutes the score stood 14 to 11 in Albany's favor.

The second half was the fastest part of the game, as the O. N. S. players were going at their best. With only five minutes to go the score was tied—24-24. During the remaining five minutes O. N. S. scored but one point and Albany seven points, the game ending 31-25 in Albany's favor.

Junior House

Lillian Wirth is usually a quiet young lady but a few days ago she surprised us all by saying—"O, girls, I cut out valentines all night yesterday."

Junior house finery is being brought out from the moth balls for inspection—the formal is Saturday you know.

Last Thursday Lillian Schroeder and Jennie Horner came down again with the tennis fever. Their recovery is very doubtful.

A new variety of folding and walking beds has been discovered on the sleeping porch. What is the world coming to with all these new inventions.

Music Department

O. N. S. has in its music department a live wire music organization.

The Glee Club has taken it upon themselves to furnish special music for the chapel exercises and Friday, Florence Metcalf sang "The Trees". This poem was composed by Joyce Kilmer, the soldier poet, while he was on the firing line in France and it was later set to music by Oscar Rasbach.

Monday the Normal Quartet sang, "The Lord is My Shepherd." The members of the quartet are:

Myrtle Mortenson, first soprano;
Pauline Bond, second soprano,
Mildred Lovett, first alto,
Hazel Hickethier, second alto.

If the members of the Music Department realized how much this special music was appreciated they surely would feel well paid.

Art Club

The club met at the photographer's to have their pictures taken for the Norm. All the members were present, numbering sixteen. From here they went to the Domestic Art Department in the training school to make the "gesso" for our work next Saturday.

Misses Le Velle Wood and Vivian Chandler spent Saturday in Portland shopping.

Misses Brainerd, McPherson and Godbold drove to Salem Friday to attend the Stuart Walker plays.

Miss Jennie Peterson was a weekend visitor at Eugene as the guest of Miss Marian Thompson.

Miss Ida Mae Smith spent Saturday and Sunday with her mother and sister in Corvallis.

Mr. Dregnie—What is the most nervous thing you know of, next to a girl?

Mr. Yokum—Me, next to a girl.

Ephabians

Just a reminder of our meeting tonight at 4:30 in Mr. Butler's room. Any girls interested in joining our group will be welcomed at this meeting. Those girls who signed up for hiking on Tuesdays and Thursday and others interested in hiking be sure to turn out sixth period. It's splendid weather for hiking now and we're sure of a good time.

Jokes

Mr. Beattie, in School Management—Mr. Hickenbottom, do you believe that corporeal punishment is always effective?

Mr. Hickenbottom—No, because sometimes the children become calloused.

There is nothing so rare as a quiet moment in the library.

Mr. Schutte—(who does not like appearance of the cook, a friend has sent them)—"Don't hire her."

Mrs. Schutte—"But, just think of the reputation for cooking she bears."

Mr. Schutte—"Never mind about her ability to cook she bears. We don't eat 'em anyway."

A Normal student, when asked what Mr. Butler did on Chapel days said: "Oh, he steps out on the platform, looks over the audience and then prays for the community."

Miss Godbold was heard to say in her public speaking class: "You may use your notes today, class, but I want you to talk out of your heads as soon as possible."

Miss Gibson wrote the following sentence on the board in grammar methods. "Rips dog ran after Rip as Rip came into town."

Miss G.—Miss Northrup what is wrong with this sentence?"

Miss Northrup—Too many Rips in it"

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